

Dawley, D'Anvers, and Fog's Triumph;

O R, T H E

Downfal of Belzabub, Bell,  
and the Dragon:

A

N E W B A L L A D.

---

*Obedire discite, & ne oppugnetis ;  
Rebellio enim est peior Veneficio,  
Et Inobedientia est ipse Diabolus.*



---

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane*, and sold  
by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*, 1734.

[ Price Sixpence. ]

~~21~~ \*

James D. Smith and Co.

Downing Street  
London W.C.2

NEW & OLD

Books, Maps, &c.  
Printed and Published  
by James D. Smith and Co.



Printed and Published  
by James D. Smith and Co.



---

---

**Dawley, D'Anvers, and Fog's Triumph.**

**I.**

**D**E A R wife-headed Friends, of the *Jacobite* Clan,  
 Let us play our Parts gallantly now to a Man;  
 Be perjur'd and riot, inflame the whole Nation,  
 At *Dawley* we may have a full Dispensation.

*Fal de ral lal.*

**II.**

For we in full Diet have deemed it High-Treason,  
 In each of our Party who argues with Reason;  
 For if that should take Place, and Truth now prevail,  
 Our Game wou'd be up, and our Project must fail.

*Fal de ral lal.*

**III. Shou'd**

## III.

Shou'd you meet with a Whig, who'd dispute out his Case,  
 Be sure first to curse him, then spit in his Face;  
 And then let the Quarrel compleat the Dispute,  
 'Tis wiser by far than to hear him confute.

*Fal de ral lal.*

## IV.

The last Game we play'd was a delicate Hit,  
 It juggled Men out of their Senses and Wit;  
 By the noble Assistance of *D'Anvers* and *Fog*,  
 We can now demonstrate a Sheep from a Hog.

*Fal de ral lal.*

## V.

This is our true Season, improve it with Care,  
 The Mob will believe all the Lies we can swear;  
 Any Dose will go down now their Senses are gone,  
 The Church and the Mafs-House they say is all one.

*Fal de ral lal.*

VII. Be



## VI.

Be sure to avoid each disputable Stroke,  
 And tofs them out clean an Exciseable Joke:  
 If you find them prepar'd to stand a Debate,  
 Say you have made an Appointment, and 'twill be too late

*Fal de ral lal.*

## VII.

With such Sort of Arts we may manage our Cause,  
 And insense them against all the best of our Laws:  
 They verily believe we're in Slavery got,  
 They have not a Proof to convince them in what

*Fal de ral lal.*

## VIII.

Shun all Conversation, if once they enquire  
 Who formerly set the great City on Fire:  
 Say all Popish Plots about Murder and Treason  
 Are old-fashion'd Falshoods, and quite out of Season

*Fal de ral lal.*

## IX.

Say Whig, Papist, Tory, are now all alike:  
 This is the Blow it behooves us to strike.  
 Swear each Party's Faction is happily over;  
 Oppose but the Court, and you'll soon live in Clover.

*Fal de ral lal.*

## X.

More Projects than these we may venture to try---  
 Shou'd we have a Land Flood, or a Summer too dry,  
 Or a Ship lost at Sea, or a House that should fall,  
 O swear the great Man was the Cause of them all.

*Fal de ral lal.*

## XI.

Against all Corruption we'll cry out aloud;  
 It has a good Face, and looks well in a Crowd.  
 We'll as constantly preach to the credulous Tribe,  
 That our Part alone has a Title to bribe.

*Fal de ral lal.*

## XII. If



## XII.

If the Mob with our Maxims we can but inflame,  
 And stop their long Ears against the Minister's Fame,  
 Each Tinker will be our Ally in his Station,  
 For we only can hope for the Scum of the Nation.

*Fal de ral lal.*

## XIII.

Since *Dawley's* so gallant, and shews himself bright,  
 He swears he'll undo the great noble Knight:  
 Like *Briton* that's true, and fears no ill Cause,  
 He swears that no Traytor shall govern our Laws:  
 Tho' *Dawley* that Traytor will give us a full Dispensation;  
 For he only designs to ruin the Nation.

*Fal de ral lal.*



## XII

If the Mob with our Maxims we can but inflame,  
 And stop their long Ears against the Minister's Fame,  
 Each Tinker will be our Ally in his Station,  
 For we only can hope for the Scum of the Nation.

Fol de vol fol.

## XIII

Since Darcley's so gallant, and shows himself bright  
 He swears he'll undo the great noble Knight;  
 Like Bayon that's true, and fears no ill Chance,  
 He swears that no Traytor shall govern our Laws;  
 Tho' Darcley that Traytor will give us a full Dispensation;  
 For he only designs to ruin the Nation.

Fol de vol fol.







2